

Cain Taine

"Back Up Off Me"

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[Ed Lover]

Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwww yeah!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Everybody one, two, three, four
Everybody c'mon, whatchu waitin for?
Five, six, seven, eight
We rock the rhymes that are truly great
Ah yes yes y'all (yes y'all) yes y'all (yes y'all)
Yes to yes to yes yes y'all
Ah yes yes y'all (yes y'all) yes y'all (yes y'all)
Yes to yes to yes yes y'all

Ah two years ago, a friend of mine
Asked me to say some MC rhymes
So I said the rhyme I'm about to say
The rhyme was def and then it went this way
Apple to a cherry to a cherry to a plum
Don't stop rockin 'til I get some
It's up my back around my beck
WOO-HAH! I got the girl in check
It's up my back around my spine
Dr. Dre c'mon, your turn to rhyme!

[Dr. Dre]

C'mon everybody let's all get down
What we got it's a brand new sound
So nobody out there be misled
My name is Dr. Dre (and my name is Ed!)
Look in the skies! Look in the trees!
Who do you see? (D-R-E!)
Look in the skies! Look in the trees!
Who do you see? (D-R-E!)
I'm not a preacher or a teacher or electrician
Biter or fighter or a politician
Some people say, I'm a turntable magician
And I got the key, to your ignition
Young ladies, rock the house
That's young ladies, shock the house
And just throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
And if you got on clean, underwear

Somebody say, "Ohh yeah!"
"Ohh yeah!" All the ladies
All the ladies in the house say, "Owww!"
"Owww!" And you don't stop
So c'mon Ed Lover let's rock the spot

[Chorus: Dr. Dre & Ed Lover]
When I wake up in the morning and I drink my coffee
Like my buttered roll buttered softly
Like my apartment it's nice and lofty
All you little suckers you can back up off me!
Back up off me, back up off me
All you little suckers you can back up off me!
Back up off me, back up off me
B-A-C-K U-P off me!

[Ed Lover]
One two three fo' five six seven
Rockin like hell make it sound like heaven
Seven six five fo' three two one
T-Money, c'mon, come and get some!

[T-Money]
Don't you get me on that jive
about the things you wrote before I was alive
Cause this ain't nineteen-eighty-three
And my name is the T-Money!
With the bomb-diddy-bomb-a-dang-a-dang-dang
That's the new T-Money type of swang

[Ed and T-Money]
C'mon, let's go to work!
C'mon, let's go bezerk!
Cause we don't wanna be left behind
All we wanna do is just blow yo' mind
We like yo' girl she's really fine
(Plus she has a +BIG+ behind!!)
Let's do it, let's do it
Let's do it do it do it

[T-Money]
Criminal Minded, you've been blinded
Lookin for a style like mine, you can't find it
(YES!!) The rhythm, the rebel
Without a pause, I'm lowerin my levels
to find a ugly woman to have sex
Ed Lover, grab the mic, cause you're next

[Chorus]

[Ed Lover]

My name is Ed Lover not Kurtis Blow
But Davy, is one guy I know
So just give me, a little time
and I'll rock the house, with a funky rhyme
Don't - push - me, cause - my - middle - name - is -
Eddddd
I'll - get - up, and - smack - you - in - your - headddd
I said a hip, hop, the hip hip the hop
The hop the hop hibby dibby hip hip hop
It's me and Dr. Dre and we're on the top
And we got the rhymes that just won't stop
One, two, three
Hey you can smoke a spliff with a clip but you're still
not
HIGHHHHH enough, or wide enough to touch
ME! Cause I'm the Big E-D
and I'm rockin the house, in the place to be
Uncle Ed, Future of the Funk
Records are recorded minus all the junk
You can stop but you can't come near
Cause my name is Ed Lover and I had it up to here
(Give it to 'em Ed!) You got it
(Give it to 'em Ed!) Ed Lover!
(Give it to 'em Ed!) You got it
(Give it to 'em Ed!) Ed Lover!
I said engine, engine, number nine
On that New York transit line
If my train goes off the track
it must be your mother, smokin crack
And yes yes y'all (yes y'all) yes y'all (yes y'all)

[Chorus] - 1/2 (without music)

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